N485

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Soviet Poet as Rebel

William Korey

Stop Laughing: It's the Funnies

Ben H. Bagdikian

Ghosts, Grime and Grandeur

Stanley Kauffmann

The UN's Use of Force

Stanley Hoffmann

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

How Did He Do?

★ Year end is a time of stock-taking and we have been meditating Kennedy's first year. He came in on a radical platform and an exhilarating slogan, "Let's get going!" He was slowed down by a razor-thin mandate, stubbed his toe badly over Cuba, and was brutally disillusioned at Vienna about negotiating with Khrushchev. Like nearly every other new President he still suffers another illusion – that he can get people to do things contrary to their interest and desire without making enemies; particularly among Big Business.

Kennedy's first job was to build public support. Judging by Gallup poll ratings he has been remarkably successful. By bucking the Catholic hierarchy on school aid he has almost calmed Protestant fears and made some leaders ashamed of themselves. He assembled a remarkable team of advisers. His extraordinarily high popularity is unnatural, however, and hints that he is not giving very bold leadership on controversial issues. No really great President gets 78 percent public support till he's dead. We trust Kennedy's burning desire to be "great" will take care of this.

Much of Kennedy's popularity springs from Nixon supporters who discover Kennedy is a moderate and who hope he is a conservative. The electrifying "let's-get-going" slogan is almost forgotten. The missile gap which Kennedy assailed in the campaign turns out to be non-existent. The 1960-61 recession (Eisenhower's fourth in eight years) hit bottom February, 1961, and virtually cured itself, with the favorable climate Kennedy supplied. How about the radical 1960 Democratic platform? One depressing commentary is in Theodore White's *The Making of the President 1960* in which White omits all mention of the platform in his account of the Democratic convention! He remarks airily later, "No platform nor any program advanced by either major American party has any purpose beyond expressing emotion." If this comment is literally true (and we don't think it tells the whole story) then the extraordinary Democratic document was a hoax.

Kennedy has brought a refreshing new mood to the White House after the Eisenhower sugar-candy fluff. His administration is cool, elegant, self-possessed, reserved, pragmatic, intellectual and realistic. It is compassionate (note the repeated strong fights for broadened social security, medical aid for the aged, schools and public assistance) but it relies on the managerial type, not evangelists. It is no home for a Hubert Humphrey, a Fiorello LaGuardia, a Teddy Roosevelt. It is given to moderation, a low key and understatement. Managerial techniques are valuable in dealing with conservative Congressmen but the public needs something more if it is to press forward – it needs elan, enthusiasm and leadership; warmth, passion and confidence.

Two Good Steps

★ What powers a President has! Every furniture store now sells rocking chairs; every hair dresser has a Jacqueline hair-do; Mrs. Kennedy's bold patronage of UNICEF Christmas cards against DAR opposition sold them out. It is the President's ability to change the national mood, to guide and mobilize public opinion in big and little things that is his greatest power. Only in the last few months has Kennedy really undertaken this. He made a frontal attack on the crack-pot right in California, he made a patient and detailed explanation to reservists of why their call-up had meaning at a press conference, and he has launched a carefully coordinated drive to associate the US with the Common Market. A free world trading area has possibilities so enormous that they could put Moscow on the defensive; it is to Kennedy's credit that he understood the challenge and accepted it; we wonder if Eisenhower would know about the matter yet if he were President.

Maybe we are wrong but it seems to us that Kennedy is growing. He made the right move on the Common Market and now he is preparing to negotiate with Khrushchev again on Berlin, two good steps. It was amusing to have Nixon suddenly emerge to denounce US support of the UN in Katanga and to embrace slippery Tshombe as "educated, Christian, anti-Communist." Here again Kennedy ought to make a public explanation of his policy but he may very well never get around to it.

The year end is the time financial writers make their happy predictions. We expect business will make the highest profits in history in 1962, that unemployment will remain high (it was seven percent, is now six percent, and our guess is it won't go below five percent), and that recovery may begin to lose momentum in the second half of the year. Kennedy has turned down the bold economic steps his liberal advisers generally recommended. He is following a "moderate" course that pleases the editorial writers and that leaves unemployment high. Eisenhower tried this again and again; no man ever preached harder for a balanced budget or had a bigger peacetime deficit. (His four recessions put our national growth rate far behind Japan's, Western Europe's and Russia's.) The danger of the "moderate" policy Kennedy proposes is that another recession will appear punctually in 1963 and that the same old pattern of lagging national growth will emerge again.

Notes

★ We mentioned the dry ice price-fixing case in recent articles; Federal Judge Mishler fined the four defendants $186,000 on December 15.... Biggest lobbyist in Washington is the American Medical Association; in the first half of 1961 it spent $146,894 here, or $21,000 more than the next two spenders combined.... The AMA, US Chamber of Commerce and NAM fought federal aid to states to reduce child birth mortality (Sheppard-Towner Act) declaring it "tended to promote Communism."

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At Tshombe's Disposal

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The Department of State has known for some time about the Katanga propaganda operation in the United States. But until last week it had kept what it knows classified, fearful that by inviting battle with Mr. Tshombe's friends in the United States it might add fuel to the fires that are being lit under the Department by the radical right, and also jeopardize the delicate negotiations in the Congo itself between Katanga and the Central Government. But it has evidently been decided that the US government cannot permit the active enemies of official policy to do all the talking. The first counter punch was landed by Under Secretary George Ball on December 19: "It is the revenues Mr. Tshombe has been able to obtain by taxing the production under his control, the soldiers of fortune and writers of propaganda he has been able to mobilize with these revenues, and the encouragement he has received from outside financial interests, that have given the peculiar flavor to the Katangese attempt at secession." A week later, the Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, Mr. Williams, followed with an attack on the "horrendous lies of indiscriminate mayhem by the UN troops" fabricated by the Katanga propaganda machine. And on the same day, the Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, Carl T. Rowan, swung even harder, singling out for attack Michel Struelens, Director-General of the Katanga Information Office, "who operates out of some rather plush quarters in New York." "By spreading around at least $140,000 over the past year," Mr. Rowan said, "Mr. Struelens has gotten some extremely vocal help in dispensing a string of myths and a stream of misinformation about Katanga and the Congo." Where does his money come from? Mr. Rowan raised the shades several inches: "Despite all of the Congo's troubles, this Belgian-controlled firm [*Union Miniere du Haut Katanga*, producers of uranium, copper, cobalt, zinc and silver] had net profits of $47 million in 1960. . . . *Union Miniere* pays about 80 percent of the tax revenues of Katanga – and I need not tell you any organization that contributes that much of a province's revenues is going to be a powerful force in the affairs of that province."

The Struelens story has yet to be disclosed in its entirety. We know that he set up shop on Park Avenue in October, 1960. In a letter on file in Washington dated September 27, 1960, he certified that: "Pursuant to an agreement between the Ministry of African Affairs in Brussels [and Mr. Tshombe] I have been officially placed at the disposal of the President of the Katanga Government who asked me

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to organize and manage this office." That suggests that his present activities are not viewed with disfavor by the Belgian government. For his efforts, Mr. Struelens receives, by his own statement, $1,200 a month, plus $20 per diem, plus lodging. At the moment his "lodging" is the Waldorf Astoria hotel in New York. It is not certain whether all the funds are spent in the US. For example, from Rio de Janeiro, *Tribuna da Imprensa* (the personal propaganda newspaper of the Right Wing Governor of the state of Rio, Carlos Lacerda) reported on December 12 that $1 million had been deposited in a Zurich bank by Tshombe for use by Mr. Struelens "in trying to suborn high officials of dictatorial governments [in Latin America] to obtain the first recognition [of Katanga]." It's an *opera bouffe* sort of story, but it is accepted as reliable by some authoritative sources in Washington.

Weighted Votes

In the forthcoming contest for Speaker and Majority Leader in the House of Representatives, the most potent factor in determining who shall be the most powerful figure in the legislative branch, and the second man in line for succession to the Presidency, is likely to go unnoticed: the unrepresentative character of the House itself. Legislative leadership for the US in the latter half of the 20th Century will have been selected by a majority that represents the nation as it was in the 19th Century.

The emptying of the American countryside over the last generation is a recognized fact in economics, but ignored in politics. The forgotten man has moved to the new suburbia, and there become the forgotten voter. The America that predominates in the state legislatures and Congress is an America that decade by decade is approaching extinction.

The existence of an imbalance between the more and the less heavily settled areas has long been a subject of complaint, but now, for the first time, figures on the degree of representativeness of the legislatures of all fifty states, comparable with each other, have become available in a study of "The Devaluation of the Urban and Suburban Vote," published by Paul David and Ralph Eisenberg of the Bureau of Public Administration at the University of Virginia. The study presents the current situation in each state in detail, plus comparisons with the changes made after the censuses of 1910, 1930, 1950 and 1960. It concludes that inequalities are consistently getting worse.

Using counties as the unit of comparison, disparities are exhibited in a number of ways. To show extreme cases, the smallest and the largest numbers of people per legislative representative were calculated for each

"There Are Some Surpluses I Don't Mind"

state. In old, depopulated New England towns in Connecticut, Vermont and New Hampshire, those who remained to vote in the smallest districts in 1960 had an advantage over the people of the largest districts of 424.5 to 1; 987 to 1; and 1081.3 to 1, respectively.

Conversely, in Los Angeles County, California, over six million people are represented by one state senator; in Harris County, Texas (Houston), 1,243,158 people send one state senator to Austin.

Another way of showing inequality in representation is by calculating the portions of a state's population which could elect a majority of the lower house in the state legislature: in 1955, a study by Dauer and Kelsay showed this could be done by 9.5 percent of Connecticut's population, 17.19 percent of Florida's, 19.4 percent of Delaware's. (For South Carolina's lower house, by contrast, it takes 46.72 percent of the population, and for the Massachusetts senate, 48.76 percent.)

A solider account of the situation uses totals rather than extremes. Overall, in 1960, the average value of a vote in the big cities (counties with over a half million population) was less than half that of a vote in the open country (counties under 25,000); and while in 1910 the big cities contained only 16 percent of the total population of the United States, they contained 37 percent in 1960.

In recent years, a second shift has occurred. Because

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population has declined in the central cities of the big new metropolitan areas as well as on the farms, the most underrepresented urban areas are the suburbs. A breakdown along these lines, using the 27 "Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas" with populations of 850,000 and over in 1960, showed that in 15 of these areas the central cities were less underrepresented than they had been ten years earlier; but over the same decade, of 73 counties considered to be suburban, 63 had lost ground, some of them by as much as a third. Only two states, New Jersey and Rhode Island, are exceptions to a fifty-year trend toward underrepresentation of urban areas.

The David-Eisenberg figures for state legislative districts explain why the House of Representatives has become so unrepresentative. For it is the state legislatures which carve out, that is to say gerrymander, the Congressional districts. And the result is the frustration of the intent of the Founding Fathers to set up a House of Representatives that affords equal representation to every responsible citizen.

The courts have been consistently chary of taking jurisdiction in disputes over reapportionment, on the ground that these were essentially political in character. But the US Supreme Court has now pending before it such a case, from Tennessee – *Baker v. Carr*. Should this be decided in favor of the plaintiff, underrepresented areas, faced with a hostile state legislature, could threaten, at least in the most flagrant instances of undervaluation, to take their cause to court.

UN Intervention

There is widespread apprehension – discernible more in Western Europe and in Britain than in the United States – over the UN's role in the Congo. The substance of this apprehension, and it is expressed in this issue by Professor Stanley Hoffmann, is that the United Nations may become a tool for coercion, manipulated by the new anti-colonial majority in the UN with the backing of the Soviet Union and the uneasy acquiescence of the US. In Professor Hoffmann's words, if the UN decides "to use force in order to reach objectives defined by its anti-colonial majority," the Cold War cannot be kept out of such areas as Africa.

The caution merits respect. But it does not tell us how what needs to be done in the Congo is to be done; how Mr. Tshombe is going to be persuaded to cooperate with the central government, how order is to be restored, how a viable economy and administrative apparatus are to be constructed, or by whom. For if military pressure on Mr. Tshombe is not to be imposed by the UN, force will be imposed by others and with more perilous consequences. The UN last week reported that the secessionists of Katanga are now receiving military help from northern Rhodesia. If this sort of intervention from outside continues, Walter Lippmann's warning will prove prophetic: "Congolese partition, with Katanga joining Rhodesia, Angola and South Africa in a redoubt of white supremacy, would surely precipitate a horrible racial conflict on the African continent."

Mining the Public

The federal government is suing a company of which a Republican Congressman is registered as secretary, for allegedly stripping a high mountain glen in the Lewis and Clark National Forest in Montana of its protective covering of topsoil. The latter is being packaged and sold to city gardeners as peat moss. The government claims $40,000 in specific damages, and asks an injunction. The company asserts that it is within its rights by virtue of "mining claims" taken out in 1959 and 1960.

An 1872 law permitted prospectors to register mining claims merely at the office of the county recorder, so that the federal government actually had no idea who was on its lands or for what purpose. If a valuable mine developed the miner could "patent" the claim into private ownership. If it didn't he merely went on his way. Thus many thousand abandoned claims, each covering approximately two acres, sprinkle and sometimes overlie by dozens, some of the 350 million Western acres still federally owned.

Of late years the use of "mining claims" became such a racket that Congress finally, with the concurrence of the legitimate mining industry, passed a law allowing the government to clear up the status of claims. Many of them, as in the famous Al Serena case in Oregon, had been filed to cover up "mining" valuable timber. Others, largely but not wholly in California, had been used to expropriate the public's property for all sorts of private purposes, from building summer cabins or permanent homes to establishing sawmills, bars, motels, dude-ranches, and even in one instance a golf-course. Some claimants sold their claims to others, who were assured this was equivalent to acquiring the land.

Now under Interior Secretary Udall's moratorium on new applications to buy federal land, the Bureau of Land Management, which with Agriculture's Forest Service is landlord of much of the West, is trying to clear up the mess, and "mining claim" beneficiaries are both angry and frightened. Some appear to think it an outrage that their claims should be challenged, after unchallenged occupancy for so long. The public may have a different view. Custom does not validate larceny.

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Double Standard

It is traditional for the Secretary of State to pay a call on General Franco and praise Spain as an ally in the world struggle against Communism; there are always those air bases to consider. It was, however, a little astonishing to hear Secretary Rusk refer last month in Madrid to a "triangle" relationship between the US, Spain and the 19 Spanish-speaking nations of Latin America. Astonishing, for on the same day, December 16, President Kennedy was in Venezuela telling a cheering audience that he did not "share the belief of some that dictatorship is necessary for economic progress," and that the "new spirit of this hemisphere requires the elimination of all tyranny. . . ."

Talking Back to TV

Who should decide what is to be seen on TV? "It is not the government's business," FCC Chairman Newton Minow said on December 22. Who then? Advertisers selling cough medicine? The public, punching those buttons in an often futile search for good entertainment? Educators, intent on informing and uplifting the viewers? Network officials, for whom value is equivalent to ratings? Directors, actors, newscasters?

None of these groups is omniscient, though some are very close to omnipotent. It would be fine if every community had a choice between several stations: one only interested in profits, another audience satisfaction, another public information, another the esteem of the most estimable people. Unfortunately, no such community exists. Most of the 55 million TV sets are served by stations whose main and in some instances exclusive purpose is to line the pockets of their owners. And the result, in the words of a former network vice-president, is that "television entertainment reduces its audience to the ranks of the emotionally and mentally underprivileged." A few communities have non-profit stations, but these are almost invariably controlled by educators rather than by TV professionals.

The responsibility for allocating scarce and valuable TV channels lies with the Federal Communications Commission, which is empowered under the law to grant their use "in the public interest." There is no doubt that this FCC is taking its obligation seriously. For example, an FCC examiner recently recommended for the first time that the Commission refuse to renew a station's license, in this instance WDKD-TV of Kingtree, S.C. During a 14-hour day, WDKD had been offering South Carolina viewers about 12 hours of popular disc jockey shows, and an average of one commercial every two minutes. (It had also retained a staff announcer alleged to have used obscenity and double entendre over the air, a fact which played an important part in the examiner's recommendation.)

More important than pressures on commercial TV to reform itself may be the FCC's efforts to create alternatives to commercial broadcasting. With this purpose in mind, the Commission has backed the sale of a commercial station in Newark, WNTA, to an educational syndicate, which will provide New York City with its first educational service, and will be an important link in the projected national ETV network. In doing this, however, the FCC had to oppose a higher bid for WNTA from a group headed by David Susskind, which aimed to improve the station's already distinguished commercial offerings and create programs which would be a model of excellence within the industry. It would have been interesting to have them try. Such models are rare, if they exist at all.

But perhaps the emboldened FCC can find other ways of encouraging private enterprise that has taste. To illustrate, the license of New York's WOR-TV will soon be up for renewal. WOR-TV now offers its audience an endless series of old movies, supplemented by Professor Chubby Checkers' twist classes. Its programming is not the worst on the air; it's just not very good. Like all other TV stations operating under the Federal Communications Act, WOR-TV has no perpetual claim to its channel once its license expires. It must prove that its performance has matched its promise to serve "the public interest." If that cannot be proved to the FCC's satisfaction, perhaps other bids for the WOR-TV license, including Susskind's, can be entertained.

Ultimately the FCC's responsibilities should be greatly simplified by the manufacture of TV sets which receive the 70 Ultra-High Frequency channels as well as the 12 Very High Frequency channels. Meanwhile, the government must decide who shall be licensed and who shall not, and there is no reason why the verdict should not, *at least occasionally*, favor stations which value quality and variety as much as profits and numerically impressive audiences.

Brazil and the Alliance

During the recent visit to Brazil of Uruguay's President, Eduard Haedo, President Goulart of Brazil put strong pressure on the Uruguayans to resist any clamping down on Castro, and the reason is revealing. Earlier this year, a secret agreement had been reached between Brazil's former President, Janio Quadros, and President Frondizi of Argentina on the same matter. But whereas Janio Quadros was trying to lead Latin America along a "mildly neutralistic path" in the hope of thus heading off the Communists, his successors have adopted his tactics for much pettier purposes. The

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new Brazilian "neutralism" is more like that of Nasser or Nkrumah – neutral so as to blackmail both sides.

After Quadros' resignation, the Brazilian oligarchy once again took power. In the next four months, the country slid into a truly pre-revolutionary state. Before Quadros, things were bad, and one could have said then that there would either be a quick and decisive evolution, or a revolution. Quadros tried evolution and it failed. In the confusion and corruption that followed his departure, the *cruzeiro* dropped from 250 to a dollar to 450 in 120 days. *Fidelista* peasant leagues have spread from the miserable northeastern region of Brazil to other areas, like Rio and Sao Paulo. Only recently, their leader, Juliao, threatened to march on Brasilia at the head of 20,000 peasants, and for the first time he admitted being a Communist.

Whereas in the past one could have blamed the US for ignoring Latin America and not extending a helping hand, now the situation is reversed. Today one can say that if the US does give Brazil the billion dollars that has been promised over the next few years, most of that money will go not into reforms but into the private Zurich bank accounts of a few privileged members of the Brazilian elite. Brasilia – that extravagantly publicized, modern show-case – is on the way to becoming a ghost town and has almost completely ceased to function as a capital. Bribery, petty rivalries, spinning inflation, uncertainty about the regime, power struggles between various extreme-rightist groups (the Goulart-Brizzola group, the Kubichek group, the army, Lacerda), have completely taken over the administration and the parliament, and Brazil may well reach the point, within two years, where only a rightist military coup and dictatorship can save it from Castroism. But such a dictatorship would in turn probably be followed by a Castroite-Communistic regime.

ARM'S-LENGTH DIPLOMACY IN ANOTHER CARIBBEAN DICTATORSHIP

Haiti After Duvalier

Haiti

The beautiful Caribbean island of Hispaniola presents these days a fascinating contrast. On its Eastern two-thirds – occupied by the Spanish-speaking Dominican Republic – the once omnipresent Trujillo name has vanished from nearly everything except the national currency. The process of democratization is proceeding slowly and by no means surely – but it is proceeding. But on the mountainous Western third of the island – occupied by the French and Creole speaking Negro Republic of Haiti – the name of Duvalier keeps going up on one thing after another. Dr. Duvalier, a much under-estimated Negro physician, ethnologist and politician, who is being exalted on poster portraits as "the spiritual leader of the Haitian people," re-elected himself last spring to a second term as president by the unique device of putting his name atop ballots for an election to the legislature and then proclaiming afterwards to a surprised electorate that he had been unanimously voted into office for another four years. To cement this "triumph" at the polls he then carted to Port-au-Prince scores of thousands of Haitians from all over the country to cheer him at his inauguration. Many of them had to walk all the way home.

Duvalier spent two years in hiding as a political fugitive under the regime of strong-man President Paul Magloire and he does not want ever to have to return to hiding or to live out his days in exile abroad like Magloire and most of his other predecessors. His principal arm of power and his counterweight to the army, whose command he periodically changes, is his own private army and secret police, known as the TTM's – from the initials of Ton-Ton Macoute, a Creole bogeyman who frightens naughty children. The TTM's, who train regularly, who number some thousands in total and who go about in plainclothes packing pistols, seems to have a general license to shoot first and ask questions, if there is anyone left to answer them, later. They have the intelligentsia terrified.

Duvalier thus has total control over the political life of the country. No legal opposition is permitted. The press is not free to criticize. There are a fair number of opposition-minded Haitians in jail and some in refuge in foreign embassies. There is a belief among some well-informed foreigners in Haiti that individuals in Duvalier's entourage and possibly the president have their hands in the public till – even though there is precious little there to steal. The regime, in power now for more than four years, has done little to attack the nation's crying economic problems. Unemployment is rife and life in the cities in particular has become very

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hard for all classes, though not, of course, equally so.

All that constitutes one side of the picture – but there are other things to be said. Haiti has traditionally been dominated by strong-man presidents. The regime of Duvalier is tougher and tighter than most – but Duvalier has to deal with a difficult political situation which arises from the extraordinary bitterness of the political campaign and near civil war of 1957. Hostility to Duvalier among members of the Haitian upper class and among the powerful foreign colony as well remains strong. Underlying this situation is the fact that Duvalier is the continuer of the social policies of President Dumarsais Estimé (1946-49) in championing the interests of the Negro masses as against those of the closely-knit, thoroughly europeanized, upper class *elite*, a group or class which is accustomed to run the country. It also needs to be said that Duvalier has done some good things. He has built and organized a number of peasant markets, exceedingly important in Haitian economic and social life. There has been some effort in education – but not nearly enough and probably at the very best not more than one in seven Haitian children of school age is actually in school. Duvalier has pursued in both foreign and domestic affairs a steadfast anti-Communist line. Generally it seems likely that Duvalier has retained a good deal of support among the masses, particularly among the peasants.

US policy toward Duvalier has always had two faces. For a time at the beginning of his regime there was a virtual vendetta between the Embassy and the morose, unsmiling doctor. Yet American diplomacy also feared a descent into economic-political chaos. US funds have been provided for technical and economic aid on a very limited scale and some funds were even made directly available to the Haitian government budget. This has, however, been small relative both to needs and to amounts spent elsewhere for similar purposes. A Marine mission of over two score officers and men has been training the Haitian army. (Some Haitians have been heard to suggest that the clever doctor may be using it to train his own TTM's.) US economic aid is scheduled to increase this year to over $10 million.

Washington's interest in Haiti has increased enormously, of course, since Castro arrived on the scene, and Dr. Duvalier has been getting rather better treatment than he used to receive. The sending of an able, energetic, relatively young, career foreign service officer, Raymond Thurston, as new Ambassador to Haiti may be a recognition at long last of Haiti's importance to our Caribbean policy.

Thurston will probably urge to US to help Haiti improve its economic situation. The trick here is to try to do it in ways which increase employment and ease hardship on the population *without* strengthening the grip of the dictatorship. Increased direct economic aid is only one approach. For instance, one cannot help but be impressed with the inequality in our treatment of Haiti as compared with Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic on sugar quotas. Haiti has an insignificant quota – and the Dominican Republic which has a regular quota in the area of 130,000 tons will probably (when OAS sanctions are removed) get another 800,000 tons from the "Cuban windfall." Yet the Dominican Republic has a population much smaller than that of Haiti – and was successfully producing sugar at a profit anyway long before there was a question of a "Cuban windfall." Why cannot consideration be given to giving Haiti a permanent quota, usable to the extent that it can actually be filled, of, say, 200,000 tons? Over a period of several years this would quite probably mean foreign investment in several new refineries and greatly increased cane and sugar production. The chief beneficiaries would be Haitian peasants who own most of the land in small holdings – and workers who would get half a year's employment at cane cutting and in the sugar refineries.

The question of how to handle relations with Duvalier is tricky. It would be risky for us to get involved in any kind of an effort to unseat Duvalier; for however unpleasant his political methods are, Duvalier is not, as Trujillo was, a menace to the hemisphere. The Haitian regime is a Haitian affair – and Haitians are very jealous of their independence. It is worth remembering in any case that dictators in Haiti have never lasted very long anyway. Duvalier may stay in power for decades but it doesn't seem very likely. And the real question is *what then*. There are no political parties – except the Duvalieristas – to furnish a framework for a healthy political life. There are no experienced political leaders. There is no national experience in normal political practices. If there should once more be a repetition of the 1957 crisis with chaos, disorder and this time an actual civil war, it could conceivably end in a dictatorship of the far left. There have never been many Haitian Communists, but this country is far too ripe for violence for Moscow and Peiping to ignore it much longer.

If our experience in the recent Dominican crisis taught anything, it is that the US has to devote forethought and careful preparation to helping nearby Caribbean countries from collapsing when their dictators are toppled. It was only by the narrowest of margins that the tragedy of US armed intervention in the Dominican Republic was averted. How, under circumstances of a tight and oppressive dictatorship, can democratic forces and democratic leadership be encouraged to begin to emerge and to gather strength in anticipation of the day when a dictator is overthrown? This is the question which the US has to try to answer.

JAMES P. BRADY

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That Ever-Willing Strom

by George McMillan

They say in South Carolina that Strom Thurmond has been running for something ever since he tried out for the track team at Clemson. If this is not literally true, it is an accepted fact of South Carolina politics that Thurmond is not the kind of man to be running for *nothing*. It is this deeply-embedded characteristic of his that has caused people in his native state to begin to wonder what Thurmond – or "Strum" as they call him – can possibly be running for now.

They've just elected him to a new six-year term. He won't have to run again for his seat in the US Senate until 1966. Yet, ever since Strom was elected he has been making noises that sound, to those who know him, like Strom-the-candidate.

All of the metropolitan newspapers in South Carolina (with one exception) are enthusiastic Thurmond buffs, and they have carried column after column of Thurmond news this Fall and Winter. Everybody in South Carolina must now be aware of how Strom took up the cudgels for the generals, including General Walker of the Pro-Blue program. They have read every detail of how Strom fought against "muzzlings" of patriotic officers, badgered the Senate into holding an investigation of it, and of how Strom loyally offered the martyred General Walker the hospitality of his office on Capitol Hill.

They have seen how their junior Senator has expanded his speaking schedule and extended the realm of his subject matter and expertise. He has been accepting and filling speaking engagements at the rate of one a day. Strom has been offering the citizens of such remote (from South Carolina) places as Arkansas, Texas and California his wisdom and insights into the problems of Katanga, Ghana and India.

In Thurmond's political scheme of things the nation's troubles can be laid to "the silent socialists in the White House, the Defense Department, everywhere," as he described it in the coda to one of his recent addresses. It is people like these in the State Department who have "prepared a paper" that calls for the United States to give up its atomic secrets to the United Nations.

While these cautionary tales may send a pleasantly thrilling chill down the spines of the kind of Right Wing audiences Thurmond has been appearing before, elsewhere the effect is chilling without being thrilling. It evokes the ghost of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. Has "Strum" got what it takes to be another powerful demagogue of the Right?

He possesses several of the classic qualities of the demagogue in overflowing measure. His faith in *himself* is absolute. This shows itself best in the thrust of his personality. When Thurmond ran for his first major political office, in the South Carolina gubernatorial race of 1946, the most important men in state politics were probably State Senator Edgar Brown and State Representative Sol Blatt of Barnwell County. With Brown president pro tem of the State Senate and Blatt Speaker of the House, they formed the Barnwell Ring, and managed the most influential coalition in the state.

Thurmond naturally went to Barnwell to seek their support. "He crashed a dinner party at Sol's house and told everybody there that he was going to run for governor," Brown said recently recalling the circumstances. When Blatt refused to give his support, Thurmond "left about as abruptly as he came in." But not by any means with dampened spirits. Brown found Thurmond waiting for him the next morning in his office. "He didn't wait in the outer lobby either," Brown remembers. "He went past my secretary straight down the hall to my office and I found him sitting there when I walked it. He told me he was going to run for governor and he practically insisted that I support him."

Brown did not support Thurmond, Thurmond won anyway, and became, by South Carolina standards, a "liberal" governor. Coming from Edgefield, a small town above the fall line, attending Clemson, still primarily an agricultural school at the time, Thurmond was in the Up-Country Populist tradition of the State.

But it is easy to exaggerate the strength, persistence and significance of this tradition. In one-party South Carolina, issues that are the bread-and-butter of political campaigns elsewhere, issues that form the basis of liberal-conservative groupings in other states, are kept below the surface, or are muted, or are, as often happens, camouflaged out of all recognition to the voters.

In this setting, the most highly-rewarded political skill is not that of defining and articulating issues. Rather, it is the skill of putting together improbable alignments of political strength. Thurmond was elected

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Governor with the votes of textile workers in the state – *and* the contributions of textile mill owners. He was nevertheless a liberal governor in the two years (1946-1948) he served. He brought off a new and more just election law, and he shocked real estate men by coming out for a continuation of rent controls.

But like much southern liberalism, Thurmond's boiled away in the crucible of the race problem. When southern resentment at President Truman's civil rights programs reached, with the oncoming 1948 presidential election and Truman's nomination, the point of splintering into the States Rights movement, Thurmond cheerfully accepted that party's nomination for the nations highest office.

Thurmond's willingness to move from a relatively liberal position as governor to the extreme Right as the Dixiecrat presidential candidate explains a lot about him. He is not only a self-confidant man. He is a vain man. "He *liked* the notion of running for President of the United States!" said a man who has known "Strum" a long time.

As for the issues, Thurmond approached them as he always had in the past, as he still does, and as he is likely to do in the future. That is, issues are not so important as "friends"– elements of political support from whatever unlikely combination. From textile workers in South Carolina, Thurmond moved for support to a rag-bag of white supremacy cranks and sophisticated tidelands oil lobbyists.

The Advantages of Stupidity

If Thurmond sees political issues in one dimension it is because, if many South Carolinians are to be believed, he is incapable of a broader, more perceptive view. "Strom is just plain old-fashioned dumb," said a man who has known him a long time.

But, curiously, this very opacity has become a source of political strength. Thurmond does not have to work to appear to be slower than the electorate he serves, as does, say Herman Talmadge. Thurmond quite unconsciously and unaffectedly gives almost everyone in South Carolina the pleasant feeling that he is just a little bit smarter than Strom.

Of all Thurmond's personal qualities, his vanity is the only one that came close to hurting him seriously. The fact is that Thurmond returned to South Carolina after his 1948 defeat for the presidency anything but the hero one might have supposed he would be to South Carolinians. Thurmond had married his secretary, a younger woman, while he was governor, and made the mistake of standing on his head for a LIFE photographer as proof of his vigor. South Carolinians don't mind knowing that Thurmond is a little foolish as much as they mind his making a fool of himself for everyone to see. The next time he ran for office, in the Democratic primary of 1950 against Senator Olin Johnston, Thurmond suffered his first defeat in his native state.

"Stand on your head for us, Strom," hecklers for Senator Johnston cried out from the back of the room.

But this was not the only reason for Thurmond's defeat. In the one party system, where all the potential winners are Democrats, it is up to each candidate to build, or to improvise his own organization. He cannot rely on a well-organized permanent, functioning state Democratic *campaign* organization, since there is none. The trouble with Thurmond was that his old coalition was made up of almost the same elements as Johnston's coalition – and Johnston had been in the Senate serving them well for some time while Strom was unproved in Washington. Strom could no longer wear the "liberal" tag in South Carolina; that belonged to Johnston, then, as it still does. It looked to almost everyone as if Thurmond was finished in politics – to everyone, that is, except Thurmond. He continued his lifetime practice of attending *every* function, private and public, to which he was invited and of taking over at the door from the hosts or hostesses, shaking hands indefatigably, in some cases the same ones over and over. "I'm Strom Thurmond," he says, pushing out his open palm, blandly indifferent to his defective memory for faces.

Strom was, in short, still running. He kept his figure by playing tennis in Aiken, the resort town where he settled after his defeat. He comes on the court wearing several layers of clothing. The top layer is foul weather oil skin coat and pants; the next is sweat shirt and pants, and the last inner core is that of a traditional tennis costume of shorts and cotton shirt. As Thurmond gets up a sweat – not a long process in this unventilated coat of mail – he begins to shed garments, a kind of strip tease that has been known to disconcert female players.

And time did take care of his political dilemma. In 1954, after the death of US Senator Burnet Maybank, there was a controversial series of moves in South Carolina that led to the allegation that State Senator Brown had, in effect, forced his way into the Democratic nomination for the open seat in the US Senate. In the event, Brown was duly certified as the nominee (equivalent usually to election), and there began to be an apparent ground swell of resentment. According to news stories, Thurmond received "hundreds" of phone calls urging him to run as a write-in candidate. After making a careful assessment of the strength these calls represented, Thurmond decided to run.

His chances seemed dim. A once-defeated man, Thurmond was running against the most powerful man in the state, the head of the Barnwell Ring. But Brown was disliked; he had stood as a highly conservative

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"No" man at the door to the state till, allowing himself to be a whipping boy for other State Senators, until he had no widescale following throughout the state. Outside the legislature, Brown was a man with as many political enemies as friends.

Something meanwhile had happened that was bigger than Brown and Thurmond. For a complex series of reasons, there had been growing in the state a far more self-conscious and cohesive kind of conservatism. The utilities, the textile mill owners, the large real estate firms, carrying in their wake almost the entire white collar class of the state, wanted a kind of political organization and leadership which would not make, not be forced to make, the kind of compromises with national liberal administrations that the one-party Democratic system forced upon them. The Eisenhower victory of 1952 had given these people hope – and some patronage. Operating in an area where the Democratic party was as conservative locally as the Eisenhower administration was nationally, the new South Carolina conservatives tended to be even more conservative. Their candidate for the Senate was Strom Thurmond, a man who spoke their language. With every newspaper in the state – except one – pounding for his election, Thurmond won. He found his new coalition ready-made for him.

But as Thurmond moves now into the national spotlight some of what have been his virtues in South Carolina may turn out to be political vices. There is a certain flaw of taste in him that is not made up for by the flamboyance, the dynamism of a McCarthy. Thurmond is what they call in South Carolina, "country coony." He's probably too careful, too cautious, perhaps even too transparently ambitious, to cast a politically attractive image. What's worse, Strom *believes* everything he says. To a demagogue, this can be catastrophic. He is probably doomed not by lack of aptitude so much as by lack of imagination.

The UN and the Use of Force

by Stanley Hoffmann

There is one aspect of recent UN decisions which should not remain unnoticed. The UN military action in Katanga and the attitude of the members toward India's absorption of Goa constitute a thorough reversal of what one may call past UN doctrine about the use of force – a doctrine developed over the last ten years, and particularly under Mr. Hammarskjold.

The Charter of San Francisco barred the use of force as an instrument of national policy, and envisaged a collective security system under which the UN, led by the five permanent members of the Security Council whose agreement was indispensable, could have used force to put an end to aggressions and breaches of the peace. But as a consequence of the Cold War, and despite the Uniting-for-Peace resolution of 1950 (theoretically designed to make possible collective security operations aimed at a major power or at its allies, notwithstanding the veto provision), it became clear that most of the members of the UN had tacitly buried collective security. Some put their faith in military pacts outside the UN; others sought refuge in neutralism. Thus the UN, in case of breaches of peace, came to rely on non-military measures in order to put an end to fighting. The UN Emergency Force in the Middle East, UN observers in Lebanon, the UN presence in Jordan and Laos, the UN operation in the Congo under its original mandate were all predicated on the assumption that UN efforts to restore peace would *not* be military tests of strength: fire would be fought with water, not with fire. Never, since the ill-fated resolution of October, 1950, authorizing the UN forces to cross the 38th parallel in order to achieve the unification of Korea, has the Organization decided to use force in order to coerce its members to accept UN-sponsored terms of settlement in disputes which had led to breaches of the peace (Kashmir, Palestine, Indonesia, etc.).

The UN had to recognize that it would do little to prevent one of the Big Two from using force to promote its policies. For example, the Russians could not be stopped from crushing Hungary without the very kind of war which mankind hopes to avoid. At the same time, the UN has refused to condone the use of force (as distinct from the resort to subversion) by other powers; indeed, it is in the area of disputes outside of the "Cold War blocs" that the UN has repeatedly played its most useful role.

In the past several weeks, however, the UN has

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departed from its past practices. In the first place, the Security Council, which had previously authorized UN forces in the Congo to resort to violence only in order to prevent civil war, and only if absolutely necessary, now allows the use of force for the apprehension of foreign military personnel and advisers in Katanga. In the second place, the Security Council failed to intervene in the Goa affair, and after a Soviet veto, no effort was made to bring the Indian breach of peace before the General Assembly.

The Temptation and Its Consequences

The immediate circumstances of those two events are well known, and one can find many justifications for what the UN has done. In the Congo, UN forces were placed in an almost impossible situation. Only one course of action would have been logical: given the breakdown of law and order within, and the danger of intervention from without, the territory ought to have been put under a UN trusteeship, so that the Organization could have assumed full responsibility. Such a solution was impossible, however: the Congo's independence had been proclaimed, and no majority in either the Assembly or the Security Council would have agreed to so expensive and drastic a new policy. Mr. Hammarskjold then tried to apply to the Congo the formula which had succeeded in the Middle East; it consisted of limiting UN intervention to the avoidance of civil war and foreign interference. That left the responsibility for political developments within the Congo to the Congolese themselves.

Such a course was adapted to the pitiful mediocrity of the UN's real power, as well as being consonant with the principle of Congolese independence. But it condemned the UN to the unrewarding role of Sisyphus; for the very lack of political agreement between Congolese factions perpetuated the danger of civil war and of foreign help at the request of every faction, and it made of the UN force a stake in the struggle rather than a power capable of ending the struggle. It became indispensable for the UN to take a hand in shaping the political future of the Congo; the necessity, or the tempetation, of using force on behalf of the blueprint was bound to become irresistible. As for Goa, it can of course be argued that there was nothing the UN could do anyhow.

The double departure from past UN doctrine is full of dangers, and the new precedents are extremely perilous both for the UN and for the US.

As for the UN. Mr. Hammarskjold's efforts tried to make of the UN *an impartial force* whose mission it was to keep new conflicts outside of the sphere of great power disputes, and to protect in particular the weak against the strong. The events of past weeks tend to make of the UN an instrument of *anti-colonialism, pure and simple.* Katanga is assailed because it is a prize example of neo-colonialism, India is whitewashed because it chased the last defenders of colonialism from its soil. Now, whatever the merits of those two actions, I would point out, first, that there is, from the viewpoint of the Organization's own moral authority, a major difference between having to accept the Soviet aggression in Hungary, and actually justifying the use of force – by itself or by some of its members – on behalf of anti-colonialism. The former decision merely reflects the structure of power between the blocs; the latter creates a double standard which destroys the claim to impartiality.

Secondly, from the viewpoint of the UN's practical efficiency, I would argue that the recent moves are also highly questionable. The UN is simply not equipped to cope with a world in which too many hunting grounds are left open; another aggression justified by anti-colonialism might, this time, provoke extensive bloodshed, and the UN would have to face the unpleasant alternatives of dangerous passivity or another hasty emergency action to stop a war that might have been averted. On the other hand, it is highly unlikely that the UN will be able to "keep the Cold War out" if it decides to use force in order to reach objectives defined by its anti-colonial majority. The expenses of such operations are essentially carried by the other powers, and particularly by the US. Inevitably, the involvement of one superpower in a military (as distinct from a non-shooting) operation will provoke the involvement of the other, and the expedition, even though it might start (as in Katanga) as an effort to inoculate the area from the Cold War virus, will become a stake in the great power conflict. For only the great powers have the means to provide the UN with military assistance – and only the US and the USSR are likely to serve as the secular arms of the anticolonial doctrine. I think it is precisely because such dangers are real that the last Secretary-General, as late as on the day of his death, and against the wishes of many of his "constituents"– the majority in the Assembly – and his personal representatives in the Congo, tried to settle the differences between Katanga and the Central Government, and the issue of mercenaries, without the use of force. His reports contrast strikingly with U Thant's almost belligerent Security Council statement of November 24.

As for the US. True, our representatives have stressed the limited objective of the UN presence in the Congo. However, the reasons given for helping the UN use force for a political purpose could be adduced for bigger objectives or in future cases of anticolonial expeditions. The basic reason is that to resist the tide, to oppose the anti-colonial majority, would be to play into Communist hands. But it is not at all demonstrated

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that to go along with the majority does not achieve the same result. The least one can say is that none of the superpowers can be sure that it can control the operations of the UN; this being the case, *there is a serious risk involved in entrusting the pursuit of important national interests to a mechanism the next twists and turns of which one cannot predict.* The US, which was unable to get the Security Council to express any reservations about Mr. Gizenga, may find that it has weakened Mr. Tshombe for the benefit of Mr. Gizenga, and that the latter simply would not be opposed by the UN. In the "name" and on the ground of anticolonialism it is difficult for the US not to be outbid and outwitted by the Soviets. Lastly, let us not forget that the Soviet "troika" plan aimed not only to prevent the UN from acting against Soviet interests, but also to make it easier for the UN to act whenever there was a convergence of Soviet and "neutral" interests, in the belief that such a coalition would force the Western elements to sway with the wind, rather than be accused of paralyzing the UN. This is exactly what happened in the Security Council on November 24, when the US, despite its failure to get some of its key amendments approved, decided to support the resolution on the Congo sponsored by a number of the neutrals and backed by the Soviet Union.

Thus I would argue that it is not good either for the UN or for the US to replace Mr. Hammarskjold's subtle policies (which did indeed coincide largely with US interests – hence the Soviet Union's hostility and the growing hostility of the more radical new states) with a policy which condones the use of force either by the UN or by its members in the new "just war" against colonialism. There are better ways of serving that cause – ways less dangerous for world order, for the UN's own future and for the US position in the world. The UN cannot be a substitute for a common Western policy in areas of vital interest to all Western powers, and should not be an alibi for the absence of such a policy.

Stop Laughing: It's the Funnies

by Ben H. Bagdikian

Relax, Mr. Kennedy. Little Orphan Annie has landed and the Cuban situation is well in hand. Well, sort of.

The girl with the vacant eyes managed it with a few bursts of machinegun fire and a public hanging. She left some bothersome loose ends but they can be picked up by the Pentagon, Department of State and Central Intelligence unless, of course, those government agencies are what Daddy Warbucks seems to think they are—really working for the other side.

Annie is more than the moving spirit of the funny-page solution to Cuba. She is also the leader of a new trend in American "comic" strips: presenting real political situations at home and abroad, often with extremist rightwing solutions.

In 1947 Coulton Waugh in his book, *The Comics*, could speak of "the not-so-unwritten law of the (comic) syndicates . . . to keep off politics entirely." Today, some of the most popular strips include homilies on politics and personal attitudes delivered to an enormous audience of all ages. The old Pow! Zock! Blooey! school of humor on the next-to-the-last page of the paper is becoming illustrated political propaganda.

Within recent weeks Annie attacked the idea of social welfare among the poor in the United States and toppled Castro in Cuba. A high-busted lady in the aviation strip, "Smilin' Jack," was recruited as a double-agent against a Red spy ring at Cape Canaveral, with exhaustive demonstrations of how girls extract secrets from boys. At the same time, Terry Lee, of "Terry and The Pirates," having foiled a Russian attempt to cover up a man-in-space failure in the Pacific, flew to Berlin where one of his own men became entangled with a Soviet ballerina who is really working for Soviet espionage under the tutelage of a dressing maid who looks like Mrs. Khrushchev. Joe Palooka, who used to be a prize fighter, was rescuing a distinguished American scientist from Communist agents in Austria. Buz Sawyer was marshalling the South Vietnamese to fight Red Guerrillas from North Vietnam. Thorn McBride was conducting an exercise, replete with political lectures, against "fuzzy-minded" pacifists. And Winnie Winkle went to Russia where her fashion show was sabotaged by agents of the Kremlin.

Ultra-nationalism in the comics is not new. From

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1941 to 1945 many comics warred against characters who said *Achtung!* and *Banzai!* In the postwar period an occasional plot involved a sinister person in heavy beard who said "*Nyet*," but this was more for colorful effect than to press home a "message."

Now, mere color and subtlety have been abandoned and there is fullscale politicking on an international and national scale. This is presented to what most surveys say is the most reliable single audience of a newspaper. Some surveys say that 95 percent of all 60 million purchasers of daily newspapers look at the comics, and while others dispute the high figure nobody argues that the juvenile and adult audience is enormous. Most papers select their comic strips more carefully than they do their reporters (after all, a large metropolitan paper may pay $25,000 a year for one daily comic strip and few, alas, pay so much to reporters).

Still champ as political pioneer is Little Orphan Annie. She has been fighting democracy, social welfare, high taxes, universal suffrage, reform, education, culture, and human love for years. Differences of opinion in her strip are commonly settled by mayhem. I once counted 75 men killed or maimed in a period of three months, all done in with patriotic righteousness. This is unlike the social satire in the beloved "Krazy Kat" or the wild burlesques of Li'l Abner whose attacks on such sacred institutions as Harvard, Yale, Big Business and Dick Tracy have been on the liberal side but always humorous. Pogo has attacked Senator McCarthy and the John Birchers, but usually in allegory so abstract that children who don't read *The New York Times* (which has no comics) might well miss the political point.

Politics Made Obvious – and Easy

The new political comics, however, leave little to the imagination. Many, though not all, are ideological cousins of Little Orphan Annie. Villains tend to be foreigners and do-gooders. Thorn McBride, a handsome naval officer, began a recent sequence with the boxed message: "Many aliens who enter the United States leave behind pasts they do not want known. However, when such pasts ARE known by Mr. G. (and many are) the luxury of anonymity can get expensive. . ." This is an introduction to another foreigner-forced-to-spy-for-the-Reds adventure in which one character is described: "This is Eva's father after the war. He had successfully created an anti-Communist image of himself. . . . Actually he was a secret agent FOR the Communists, working to establish a Red Dictatorship." Thorn McBride is the Copley News Service syndicate's answer to Buz Sawyer, who propagandizes for Navy doctrine in 557 newspapers.

The dangers of aliens were similarly the theme with "Smilin' Jack" whose buxom girls used to be fascinated by ailerons and Immelmanns. Here the girl comes over to our side and is being used against Soviet agents, although one hopes other American operatives display more guile (the girl in "Smilin' Jack" works largely by kissing a pilot violently and then panting lines like, "What's the secret of controlling those guided shots at 400 m.p.h.?").

In case publishers might have missed the new funny-page dialectics, full-page advertisements in the trade magazine, *Editor & Publisher*, have proclaimed the trend. The Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate hero, Terry of "Terry and The Pirates" (he's Air Force doctrine), was recently described in an ad as a fascinating airman "friendly to all colors—except Red!" The same syndicate notified publishers with another full-page ad: "WINNIE WINKLE GOES TO RUSSIA!" The sequence, the ad promised, "is loaded with laughs and comedy on the Commissars! Everybody will have fun watching the Reds turn pink!"

But to return to the ageless humor of Orphan Annie: Annie was born in 1924, is now 37 years old as a comic strip, but has never abandoned either her puberty or her dog, "Sandy." It is not clear precisely what her relationship is to Daddy Warbucks, a grown man who is said to look at different times like Colonel McCormick, the late publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* (and first boss of Annie's artist, Harold Gray) or former President Eisenhower. Warbucks has an intriguing if shadowy history. He was created as a merchant-of-death munitions profiteer but the artist apparently got to like him and now Warbucks is the philosopher king of the comic page. He is Annie's protector and mentor but appears only on rare occasions, after Annie has suffered privations that would defy the descriptive powers of Charles Dickens. At the height of her terror, Daddy Warbucks shows up in dinner jacket, diamond stickpin and homburg, delivers a lecture against high taxes and the welfare state, and then again abandons Annie while she enters another cycle of starvation and torture, and he goes off to purchase Africa.

Their recent resolution of the Cuban problem came after a typical exercise in domestic politics in which the villains – reformers and citizen-groups – are put down by a typical Warkbuckian hero – a tough boss whose strongarm squad runs a town without interference from the stupid voters. The sequence, coming after a controversy over welfare policies in Newburgh, N.Y., could conceivably have been inspired by it. A large, jeweled woman speaking in a stereotype of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's diction, says of a candidate, "What a deah, deah boy he is! I'm to be in his Cabinent, as head of Charity and good works! Isn't that dahling? . . . Won't it be worth any amount of money to bring comfort and that 'wanted' feeling to ouah 'little peo-

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ple'? Why, some haven't worked in yeahs! Aren't they *entitled* to TV sets? At least one cah?"

Annie reports this to the tough guy who runs the town: "Leapin' Lizards! I heard old Mrs. Canister tellin' the R'porters 'Polecat's' goin' t' turn her loose on the 'Charity' racket! She'll bust the Treasury!" (In "Annie" the bad guys speak in broad a's but the good guys, like the Arabs, eschew vowels and terminal g's.)

The boss smiles and tells Annie to stop worrying, everything is fixed: The do-gooder's man, a crook, of course, will not get elected. The last scene shows the boss's musclemen turning a political meeting into a riot. A policeman stands back and smiles benevolently while the speaker and his friends are beaten by the mob. So Annie is ready for Cuba.

Annie is on an American jet plane that is seized by dark men who kill the pilot and take all to the Caribbean island republic of Tributo. Most noticeable passenger is again a large woman in mink coat who speaks in a burlesque Park Avenue accent, referring to the murder and highjacking as "an uttah lahk." She is an admirer of the chief of Tributo, Gen. Mustashio Toro, and is therefore puzzled when he throws them all in jail and insults the United States. "But I read such glowing repohts of Tributo and its great Liberatah, Gen. Toro, in the New York Press!" she cries. A Gray hero-type (chesty, rough-haired, open shirted) speaks in patriotic apostrophes: "Maybe y' read the wrong paper, lady! You can tell the editor the *facts, if* you get back, and *if* he *cares*."

When General Toro demands ransom he gets instead a note from an old protege of Daddy Warbucks, Johnny Quick: "Fat Butcher: Deliver plane, all persons and cargo unharmed plus one hundred million dollars damages International Airport New York sundown this day or at sunrise tomorrow you will be hanged from your palace balcony for piracy!"

This enrages the general who orders the passenger-hostages shot at sunrise. But, wait. Or to quote the term by which "Annie" plots turn: "Hark!" In comes Johnny Quick and his men, dressed in green military uniforms and bandoleers, looking somewhat like Turkish janissaries. The Park Avenue woman in mink says triumphantly, "I knew my husband, the senetah, would put an end to this outrage!" But to her dismay Johnny Quick kills all the native soldiers and hangs the general before the huge anti-American crowd in front of the palace. (The logistics are a bit obscure: the Tributan soldiers had machine guns, too.) The woman shrieks, "Ooo! Heavens! Killing! This is *ghastly!*"

Now speaks another standard good guy, a British aristocrat in white mustache and derby, one of the captured passengers. Annie despises the American cultured and educated but Kipling Kolonial Kulture is acceptable. "I say, old chap!" the Britisher says to Quick, "Good show! Do-it-yourself Yankee justice, eh what? Are there any *more* at home like *you*?" to which Quick replies grimly, "Millions of us, chum! MILLIONS of us!"

Perhaps the other millions have different thought processes, but at this point Quick discovers that he had not figured out how to get the passengers and his men out of the palace. The Tributan Army approaches. "They're coming in with flame throwers and *gas*!" But, hark! Out of a secret tunnel comes Daddy Warbucks, diamond sparkling on his boiled shirt. "Daddy! Daddy! Daddy Warbucks!" cries Annie. "Arf, Arf!" barks the faithful dog, Sandy. And all exit through the secret tunnel to Warbucks' yacht.

Back in Warbucks' quarters it becomes clear that the craven American government has withdrawn Quick's airline license for an infraction of the rules. Quick is faced with ruin. Warbuck hands him a check for $100 million, explaining: "You were being punished for being *my* kind of *old-fashioned American!* I don't like to see our kind punished, Johnny!"

The Sort of Americanism We Admire

Thus closes another Birchist message of idiocy and treason in government, of spies everywhere, and of fighting straw enemies with magic. In the fantasy of ordinary comic strips only the social psychologists worry about the habitual resolution of crisis by magic. But many of today's strips are describing identifiable national and world problems in serious terms and then approaching them with wild assaults – safely conducted with pen and ink – that apparently make the artist or his syndicate or the readers feel good. Wiping out the enemy with one miraculous – but unfortunately unexplained – blow is associated with the only true patriotism. Daddy Warbucks tells Johnny Quick: "I recall Teddy Roosevelt's advice! 'Never shake your fist and then shake you finger!' Well, you're not much for finger-shaking! You follow through! *That*, Johnny, is the sort of Americanism I think an awful lot of us *admire*!"

But hark, Daddy! What's this fist-shake and follow-through? Just the day before you admitted to Quick that your presence and the secret tunnel was "largely luck" and Quick admits he was "very lucky." Quick set out to save the Americans. By means unspecified he got into the palace – but never figured out how to get the Americans out. What kind of follow-through is that? The whole strategy depended on a miracle Quick had never thought of or expected. His plan would have killed everyone and produced a ghastly humiliation for the United States.

Hark, Hark, Secretary McNamara. I hope they're not reading the funnies at the Pentagon.

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Another Old New Year

When these lines meet the reader's eye everybody will have wished everybody else a Happy New Year, with not one in a hundred expecting anything better than the old model reconditioned well enough to hold together for another twelve months. For a New Year that was really new would bring with it new ideas, new vigor inspired by new hope.

The actual outlook, however, is that our principal unfriend will continue to operate on his 1961 design, which is the ambition to bury us; and we perforce will cling to our last year's plan, which is to remain unburied. To bury us, even if he could manage it, wouldn't do him any particular good. Merely to remain unburied gets us no forrarder. The world stalls, hung on dead center, and the genius who can kick it loose, if he is in sight, has not yet been recognized.

In fact, it is slightly dangerous even to look in the direction whence that genius must come. For it is the direction of an accommodation with Russia, and he who even speaks of such a thing risks being apprehended by the thought police and slung into the concentration camps into which we are transforming our penal institutions. Yet the risk must be run, for facts are facts and the Internal Security Committees can't make them anything else.

The basic historical fact that conditions everything else is that power in the modern world has polarized around two main centers, Washington and Moscow, with subsidiary foci such as Peking on one side and New Delhi on the other. It is not for the first time. Such polarizations have occurred in historical time with sufficient frequency to establish a recognizable pattern. Toynbee, who has been successfully attacked on details but never refuted as regards his main thesis, describes this pattern as a death-struggle culminating in a knock-out blow administered to one center of power by the other, followed by establishment of a universal state, which signalizes the last stage of that particular civilization.

It follows that any year deserving to be called new would be one in which a new twist was given to this old pattern; and the only imaginable novelty would be displacement of the death-struggle by some other form of activity. It must be activity, because inertia is not in itself new.

When a trend toward hostility has long been the rule, real novelty would be a trend toward some form of amity. The threadbare Russian theory of co-existence is not amity, it is merely an armed truce; but any responsible Russia leader reckless enough to suggest replacing co-existence with co-operation presumably would be torn to pieces by his own followers.

Unhappily, our own leaders have not much more liberty. If President Kennedy should seriously suggest a co-operative effort with the Russians to wipe famine and pestilence from the face of the earth he might not be liquidated by a firing-squad, but he would invite political extinction. It is nevertheless true that the two nations have between them scientific, technical and administrative skills that might be equal to the task and financial resources far in excess of anything needed.

We are employing three million men and spending nearly $50 billion a year in the economically unproductive enterprise of armament, yet our economy has withstood the drain. Russia is pouring equivalent sums down the same rathole, yet boasts of a rapidly expanding economy. If we could jointly clean out every focus of infection – medical or moral – in the world, it is beyond belief that we could spend efficiently anything like $100 billions a year on the task. After years of wise planning and skillful administration we might find use for a third as much money; but the serious and enduring shortage would be of men, not cash.

We have, then, two world powers that could if they would, with less risk to their economic stability than they are now incurring, work such a transformation in the condition of mankind as imagination cannot comprehend. But they will not; indeed, they cannot. They are bound to an Ixion's wheel of cyclic historical processes set in the pattern of death-struggle, knockout blow, universal state, and collapse, with no clear indication of the existence of a statecraft intelligent enough and bold enough to break the pattern.

In one way the Russians are more fortunate than the Americans. Committed to the theory of economic determinism, they feel no responsibility, and therefore no sense of guilt as they move toward a holocaust predestined by their dialectic. But we, indoctrinated with the belief that a free spirit is accountable for duty undischarged, are doomed to follow Jefferson's gaze into perdition: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just."

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A Soviet Poet as Rebel

by William Korey

About three months ago, on the eve of the Jewish day atonement, the Soviet literary world was rocked by the appearance of a poem in the Writers' Union journal, *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, which boldly challenged official attitudes toward Jews. Not only did the poem suggest that anti-Semitism is a real force in Soviet life; it dared call into question a conception of the Jew which the Soviet doctrinaires held to be fundamental. Neither the poet nor *Literaturnaia Gazeta* has, as yet, retreated under the barrage of semi-official criticism that followed.

The poet is Yevgeny Alexandrovich Yevtushenko, 28 years old, who has already acquired the reputation of an *enfant terrible* and – as one Soviet critic put it – has "declared war on the old clichés...." Censured repeatedly by orthodox critics, Yevtushenko nonetheless enjoys a wide popularity in intellectual circles and among the students who gather by the hundreds and thousands at public meetings to hear him recite his poetry in a deep powerful voice well suited for declamation. To many he is the successor to the great Soviet revolutionary poet, Vladimir Mayakovsky.

Rebeliousness evidently runs deep in the Yevtushenko family tradition. His grandfather – he relates in one of his poems – was a Ukrainian peasant whom the Tsarist government exiled to Siberia. It was here, in a small town in Irkutsk province, that Yevtushenko was born in 1933. He came to Leningrad and by 1959 had graduated from its Maxim Gorki Institute. During the "Thaw" that followed some months after Stalin's death and which was climaxed by Khrushchev's secret speech at the Twentieth Party Congress, Yevtushenko first demonstrated his independence.

His poem "Station Zima," which he began writing shortly after Stalin's death and which was published in the fall of 1956, was a vigorous thrust against a stifling bureaucratic atmosphere filled with falsehood and deceit, and which generated dullness, hypocrisy and cowardice. A few extracts are illustrative:

> At twenty, I've looked over everything again –
> What I said but shouldn't have said
> What I didn't say but should have said
> I saw that I often lived timidly.
>
> . . .
>
> Young people were better before
> The Komsomol is deadly dull nowadays.
>
> . . .
>
> Yes, changes, yes, but behind the speeches
> There's some shady game.
> We chatter about what yesterday we kept quiet
> We keep quiet about what we did yesterday.
>
> . . .
>
> So many ancient tricks I've seen
> Just staged in a new and expensive way.
>
> . . .
>
> We're all guilty
> Of empty verses and countless quotations
> And standard ending of speeches.

To the guardian of orthodoxy who continued to insist upon poetry's being optimistic and proletarian-oriented, Yevtushenko was a "nihilist," a "pessimist," a "revisionist." One critic in 1957 called his poetry "cheeky, youthful bragging." Another complained that "it never occurred to him to take hold of the controls of a combine-harvester or the wheel of a lorry." A third in 1958 asked rhetorically about one of Yevtushenko's poems: "And what concern is that of a miner from the Donbass, a builder of the Kuibyshev Hydroelectric station, the creators of the earth satellite . . . ?" In late 1957 or early 1958, Yevtushenko was expelled from the Komsomol on the grounds that he was behind in his dues.

Yet, in the last few years, the rebellious poet has acquired respectability. With other poets who had strayed from the "correct" path, he admitted his "errors" and was readmitted to the Komsomol. Of his devotion to his country there is no question. He ends one of his poems with the following: "For my country . . . I offer everything I have, now and forever."

In "Station Zima," referring to the notorious "Doctors' Plot," Yevtushenko has a sympathetic figure ask:

> So it turns out the doctors weren't guilty?
> Then why have the people been treated like that?
> It's a scandal before the whole of Europe.

But his interest in Jews appears to have begun before "Station Zima." In 1955, Yevtushenko's name was mentioned in connection with the publication of the first Russian translations of Yiddish works since the destruction of Yiddish cultural institutions in 1948. Later, in September 1955, the literary journal, *Novy Mir*, carried his translation of two poems of Aron Vergelis, an editor of the current Yiddish journal, *Sovietish Heimland*. Both poems were dedicated to the "Socialist construction" of Birobidjan. In March of 1961, *Druzhba Narodov (Friendship of Peoples)* carried his translation of another Vergelis poem, entitled "Lenin."

For the sensitive Russian intellectual, "Babi Yar" provided a theme with powerful historic overtones. It was in this ravine near Kiev that the Nazis perpetrated one of their most brutal

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William Korey *represented B'nai B'rith and coordinating boards of Jewish organizations at the United Nations.*

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massacres: approximately 100,000 Kievan Jews were machine-gunned during a few days in September, 1941. To the Soviet citizen, Babi Yar is the equivalent of Auschwitz or Maidanek. The Nazis built no gas chambers on Soviet soil; Jews in the region of the German occupation army were simply shot. But of all the execution sites in the USSR (within its 1939 borders), Babi Yar was the most poignant symbol of anti-Semitic butchery.

Yet this martyrdom was deliberately blurred by the authorities. The official government report on the massacre, published some six months after Kiev's liberation, spoke of Nazi crimes at Babi Yar against Russians rather than against Jews. A wartime poem inspired by the tragic events of Babi Yar and written by the Ukrainian-Jewish poet, Savva Golovanivsky, was condemned by *Literaturnaia Gazeta* in March, 1949, as "nationalist slander" and "defamation of the Soviet nation. . . ."

Nevertheless, the meaning of Babi Yar was not lost upon sensitive Soviet citizens. For them, a monument was called for to stand as a symbol of the evils of genocide. Indeed, such a monument had been planned, its design in the form of a prism already worked out by a leading Soviet architect and sketches of it prepared by a distinguished Soviet artist. But the plans were quietly shelved.

On October 10, 1959 – almost two years before Yevtushenko's poem appeared in *Literaturnaia Gazeta* – the same journal permitted the printing of an article by the well-known Soviet writer, Victor Nekrasov, who wondered why the monument at Babi Yar has "been forgotten." After referring to reports that a park and a stadium will be built upon the site of the massacre, Nekrasov said:

> "Is this possible? Who could have thought of such a thing? To fill a . . . ravine and on the site of such a colossal tragedy to make merry and play football? No, this must not be allowed!"

Two months after Nekrasov's article, the literary journal carried a letter signed by a deputy of one of the borough soviets in Kiev (and over twenty residents of the same borough) which urged that Nekrasov's "inspiring" proposal for a monument be fulfilled "in the nearest future." But another letter written by a top Kiev official and published in the same journal on March 3, 1960, suggested that city officials were in no great hurry. He explained that the monument has not yet been erected "for lack of reclamation of the region" and that such reclamation will take a "few years." And then, a formal government report published a year later in the newspaper *Pravda Ukrainy* (March 31, 1961), by implication casts considerable doubt on the possibility of a Babi Yar memorial ever being built. The report revealed that two weeks earlier, a large-scale accident had wrought massive damage to the reclamation project as well as to the surrounding area. A sudden giant liquid silt slide from the upper part of the ravine had taken place inundating the outlying region and causing the death of over a hundred persons.

Official indifference to the martyrdom of Jews shown not only in the Babi Yar affair but, more recently, in the Soviet press and radio treatment of the Eichmann trial was certain to arouse concern among those who were sensitive to the issue of anti-Semitism. On September 16, 1961 – almost 20 years to the day of the Nazi massacre at Babi Yar – Yevgeny Yevtushenko rose at the jammed public meeting attended by some 1500 youth to intone: "There are no monuments over Babi Yar." Only a "steep precipice," remains as an "epitaph." Yet the memory cannot be erased:

> There is a rustling of wild grass
> over Babi Yar
> The trees look fearsome, like judges.
> Everything here screams in silence.

The poem was more than a reminder of tragedy; it probed the roots of popular anti-Semitism, and what made the poem particularly unusual was that Yevtushenko did not hesitate to expose and indict historic anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. After recalling the pogroms, the killing and beating Jews, the poet writes:

> Oh, my Russian people!
> I know
> That you are at heart internationalist
> But often those whose hands were unclean
> Brandished your purest of names.

On an official level, it is taboo to suggest that popular anti-Semitism persists to any significant extent. Yevtushenko dared to imply the contrary:

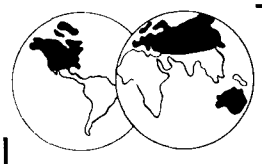
> Let "The Internationale"
> Thunder forth
> When the last anti-Semite on earth
> Has been buried for good.

And, in a section which he publicly recited, but which was then excised from the version that appeared in *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, he explicitly noted that anti-Semitic sentiments among Russians "still arise on the vapors of alcohol and in conversations after drinking."

More remarkable than even the attack on anti-Semitism was the poet's characterization of Jews throughout the world as a people with a long, common history and a unifying tradition that made them a distinct ethnic entity. This conception not only does violence to the class analysis as prescribed by Soviet ideologists; it flies in the face of the accepted doctrine that Soviet Jews have little, if anything, in common with Jews elsewhere in time or space.

Yevtushenko, in a striking section of his poem, linked together the ancient Israelites, Christ, Dreyfus and, significantly, defined this unity as a distinct and separate "Jewish people":

> Here I am plodding my way through
> ancient Egypt



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And here I am crucified, breathing
my last
And to this day I bear the traces of
the nails
I imagine that I am
Dreyfus
Philistinism
My accuser and my judge

The storm of criticism that followed the poem's appearance was hardly unexpected. Five days after "Babi Yar" was published, *Literatura I Zhizn*, the journal of the Writers' Union of the Russian Federated Republic, carried a response in the form of a poem by another Soviet writer, Alexei Markov. Yevtushenko's patriotism was questioned – "What sort of real Russian are you . . . ?" By referring to Jewish martyrdom at Babi Yar and to Russian anti-Semitism, Yevtushenko had attempted to defile (with a "pygmy's spittle") "Russian crew-cut lads" who fell in battle against the Nazis. In a concluding line, Markov flung at him the word "cosmopolitan" which, in the Soviet lexicon of recent years, was an epithet that carried the charge that Yevtushenko was virtually a traitor.

A less crudely violent if more trenchant attack appeared in the same journal three days later. Written by a well-known Soviet critic, Dmitri Starikov, the article, by implication, denied that substantial anti-Semitism existed in the USSR. "The friendship of our peoples," Starikov wrote, "is now stronger and more monolithic than ever." And to suggest, Starikov went on, that anti-Semitism among Russians does exist is nothing less than a "provocation," as well as a "monstrous" insult to those "who have entrusted him [Yevtushenko] with their word. . . ."

Yevtushenko's conception of the Jews as a people was vehemently denounced on the usual grounds of being "supra-class, petty-bourgeois illusions" which nurture "chauvinism." For Starikov, the poet's conception was but "reverse racism" for there are no "real historical links" between the ancient Hebrews and modern Russian Jews and to speak of a "Jewish people," as such, is "illiterate." Yevtushenko, Starikov observed, had fanned "the dying flames of nationalist attitudes" and he warned him – using quotations from the authoritative draft program of the Soviet Communist Party – against taking any further steps into this "foul, swampy quagmire. . . ."

Finally, in typical post-war Soviet fashion, Starikov challenged the view that Babi Yar represented the martyrdom of Jewry. The "destinies of the persons who died there cry out "against the notion that Babi Yar was "one of history's examples of anti-Semitism." For, he went on, "the anti-Semitism of the Fascists is only part of their misanthropic policy of genocide . . . the destruction of the Jews was only the beginning of . . . a destruction of 'the lower races' including the Slavs."

To underscore his argument, Starikov appealed to the authority of one of the Soviet Union's leading literary figures (and a Jew as well), Ilya Ehrenburg. Quoting arbitrarily from various war-time articles, including one on Babi Yar, Starikov contended that Ehrenburg "did not stress the fact that it was Jews who were killed there."

Starikov did not limit his criticism to Yevtushenko. In a scarcely veiled threat, he wondered aloud why the editors of *Literaturnaia Gazeta* permitted the poet "to insult the triumph of the Leninist national policy" with "provocations."

Still, Yevtushenko was neither silenced nor ostracized by the authorities – as he surely would have been in previous years. On the contrary, he continued to be lauded, even lionized in some quarters. Moreover, on the very day that Starikov was assailing Yevtushenko in one literary journal, the far more important organ of the Komsomol – *Komsololskaia Pravda* – printed on its front page his poem on the seven-year plan. In the same issue, a literary critic, in the course of a review of current Soviet poetry, praised some of his earlier poems.

The same critic, A. Elkin, on October 4 reported on the proceedings of an all-Russian conference of young poets where Yevtushenko's "Babi Yar" was discussed. Elkin's report (which appeared in *Komsomolskaia Pravda*) though brief is nonetheless revealing. While Yevtushenko was criticized for committing – in Elkin's words – "a serious creative error" from "the point of view of high party principles," no suggestion was made that his motivation or integrity was in question.

Meanwhile, his popularity soared. On Sunday evening, October 8, 1961, poetry day in the USSR, a crowd of more than 5,000 young people gathered at the base of the Mayakovsky statue in Moscow and called for him. The tall and handsome poet ascended the improvised platform and read two poems, one of which was directed against "the lackeys who don't give a damn about Soviet power, but only about their own immediate power." The stormy applause and exulting "bravos" that followed testified to the support enjoyed by Yevtushenko among the youth.

This support was given an even firmer foundation when on October 14, *Literaturnaia Gazeta* printed a "letter to the editor" written by Ilya Ehrenburg and dated October 3. Referring to the Starikov criticism, he wrote:

> "I consider it necessary to state that D. Starikov quotes arbitrarily from my articles and poems, cutting the quotations short to make them correspond to his thoughts and contradict mine."

The implication of the sharp disassociation with the Starikov arguments was apparent. The author who in 1954 had opened up a new literary era with his *The Thaw* and who, last January, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday openly and specifically indicated his strong contempt for anti-Semitism had, in effect, deprived the Starikov indictment of a major prop – the authority of Ehrenburg.

The attempted censure of Yevtushenko – it is now clear – has, for the time being, failed. Not only has *Literaturnaia Gazeta* made no apology for its publication of "Babi Yar"; but another organ of the Union of Soviet Writers,

"IT SEEMED *an inspiration when the United Nations building in New York was formally inaugurated in October 1952—an appropriate inscription carved in foot-high letters in the granite parapet facing the building. In December 1961, the chosen inscription seemed less felicitous. It reads: 'They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'*"

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the new Yiddish publication, *Sovietish Heimland*, in its second issue (September-October), carries a translation of the poem prepared by its editor, Aron Vergelis.

It can, however, be expected that the doctrinaires will not relinquish their pressures upon Yevtushenko's "Babi Yar." At the Twenty-second Party Congress, the chief editor of the journal *Sovetskii Soiuz*, Nikolai Gribachev, charged *Literaturnaia Gazeta* with "irresponsibility" in "systematically publishing cheap sensations." Although Gribachev did not mention Yevtushenko's "Babi Yar," it is not unlikely that this was the type of literature to which he was referring.

But Yevtushenko is hardly the kind of man who will be restrained. A line in one of the poems which he recited in Mayakovsky Square reads: "I will remain firm to the end and never become an unctuous bootlicker."

MOVIES

Ghosts, Grime, and Grandeur

The Innocents (20th Century-Fox)
Something Wild (United Artists)
El Cid (Allied Artists)

On Thursday, January 10, 1895, Henry James spent the evening with the Archbishop of Canterbury who told him a ghost story. "It is all obscure and imperfect," wrote James in his notebook ". . . but there is a suggestion of strangely gruesome effect in it." He clarified and perfected it, and it became *The Turn of the Screw*.

In the original anecdote, it is patent that the ghosts *are* ghosts who appear to the children. In his famous essay *The Ambiguity of Henry James*, Edmund Wilson advanced the possibility that the story is a sexual allegory, the ghosts being figments imagined by the repressed governess. If this is the case, it is doubly Freudian because James created the allegory unconsciously. Much of the theory rings true: the governess talks about the effect of her one meeting with her handsome employer, and the ghosts may be her projected wish to create a situation in which she will meet the uncle again. Still there are elements (like her knowledge of Quint's appearance) that will not fit the Freudian notion.

Now we are engaged in a small civil war, testing whether that notion can long endure. Truman Capote's screenplay – called, like William Archibald's theater dramatization, *The Innocents* – comes down strongly on the Freudian side. There are voices on the soundtrack heard only by Miss Giddons (and us), there are apparitions seen only by her (and us), after the boy dies she kisses him tenderly on the lips. Yet even here there are contradictions, such as the tear-drop that Miss Jessel leaves on the schoolroom desk.

The film will not settle this controversy, but it does settle that there is only one way in which James' story can be well dramatized: not for stage or television or screen but as a radio play. This is for two reasons. The ghosts are much less effective when seen than when described; and a radio play can confine itself to the highlights, as James does. The film has particular trouble with the passages *between* the manifestations, the living-out of the daily lives. We keep thinking: Why isn't Miss Giddons frightened all the time? How can she carry on a normal life between the ghosts' appearances? How can she sit down to table in this house and eat? How often can she settle down comfortably with a book only to be surprised by apparitions?

It is this awkwardness – which James avoided by keeping mainly to the visitations – that gnaws at the credibility and the horror of the film. Additionally, the picture's tension depends on the governess' role, and, unavoidably, it is insufficient. She has only one mode of action: to try and make the children admit that they see the figures; so the part is, literally, monotonous.

Jack Clayton, who directed *Room at the Top* so admirably, has had less success here. In atmosphere he has hit off neither the effect of an eerie house nor the equally frightening effect of terror in a lovely place; he strives for a mixture of the two that infrequently succeeds. Once in a while there is a blatant ghost-story shock but never the feeling of soul-sickening evil that James wanted.

Clayton's most disappointing work is with the actors. Deborah Kerr does her best, which is good, with the governess, and Megs Jenkins has warmth as Mrs. Grose, but Clayton's ear seems to have gone dull. He lets them play much too slowly and, in many scenes, on the same vocal level: one of them entering on the note on which the other stopped. He has handled the boy (Martin Stephens) fairly well, but the girl (Pamela Franklin) has not responded. And he has miscast Michael Redgrave as the uncle, a part which calls for a vivid brush-stroke of the genteel and the romantic, neither of which is a Redgrave quality. Imagine Laurence Olivier in the role.

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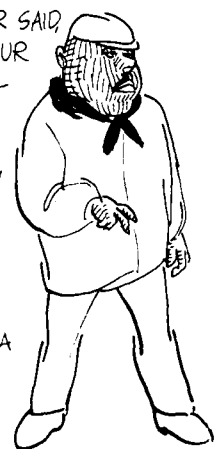
JULES FEIFFER

SO I GOT ACROSS THE BORDER AND THE ALLIED OFFICERS SAID, "MAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" AND I SAID "YOU CAN SEE PLAIN WELL WHAT I'M DOING. I'M FLEEING TO FREEDOM."
"WELL, MAN, HOW CAN YOU FLEE TO FREEDOM?" THEY ASKED ME. "YOU GERMAN?" AND I REPLIED "NO SIR," "YOU CHINESE?" AND I REPLIED, "NO SIR", "YOU RUSSIAN, HUNGARIAN, ALBANIAN, CZECH, POLE, SIBERIAN?" AND TO ALL THAT STUFF I REPLIED "NO SIR." "WELL, THEN," THEY SAID, "YOU CAN'T BE FLEEING TO FREEDOM."

BUT I WOULDN'T GO BACK SO THEY HAD TO FIGURE OUT WHERE TO SEND ME. THE FRENCH OFFICER SAID "MAN, WE CAN'T SEND YOU TO FRANCE. YOU MIGHT GET PICKED OFF AS AN ALGERIAN."

THE ENGLISH OFFICER SAID, "WE ALREADY GOT OUR TROUBLES IN LONDON— AND SOUTH AFRICA WOULDN'T HAVE YOU. AND WE AREN'T LIKELY TO SEND YOU ANYWHERES ELSE IN AFRICA BECAUSE FOR ALL WE KNOW YOU COULD BE A KENYATTA OR SOMETHING."



AND THE AMERICAN OFFICER SAID, "WE CAN'T SEND YOU TO THE SOUTH BECAUSE IF YOU FLED TO FREEDOM ONCE, WHAT'S TO STOP YOU FROM BEING A TROUBLE MAKER AND TRYING IT AGAIN?

-AND WE CAN'T SEND YOU TO CUBA BECAUSE THAT'S NO LONGER PART OF THE FREE WORLD. THEY REPRESS WHITE FOLKS THERE TOO." SO THEY ALL SAID, "WHY DON'T YOU BE A GOOD FELLOW AND GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM?"

WELL, I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE I WILL. DURING A MORAL CRISIS BETWIXT FREEDOM AND SLAVERY I DON'T WANT TO BE THE ONE TO MAKE TROUBLE.

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night, tells no one, leaves home and college, wanders through New York, takes a cheap Bowery room and a Woolworth job, wilts, attempts suicide, and is halted by a young man. The young man, miraculously, is one who just happens to need her. He takes her to his basement flat, gets drunk, and makes advances. She kicks his eye out. She wants to leave but he keeps her prisoner because she is his "last chance." Days later she escapes, then discovers that she loves him.

This film, I assure you, actually exists. It is called *Something Wild*, is told with every photographic cliché of hyper-realism (ugly streets, sweaty faces), spares no chance to be unsubtle (it is not enough to hear a whore carousing next door, we have to see it), and is hung with a score by Aaron Copland that flops around it like an outsize coat. It deals skimpily with the only possibly interesting element in the story, the failure of the girl's mother as a mother, and reveals – under the seemingly insistent honesty – the sentimentality of a Robert Nathan novel. Nathan used to write stories about down-and-outers who made a home in a packing-case in Central Park and found happiness with a potted geranium and a can of beans. Here sex has been added to make it True.

Carroll Baker is the girl. Depending on where you live, she will remind you either of Miss Rheingold or of the latest 4-H Beauty Queen. Her husband, Jack Garfein, directed. Obviously he adores her and cannot stop taking photographs of her. This is admirable in him and fortunate for her but not necessarily absorbing to others.

El Cid does not star Charlton Heston and Sophia Loren, as the advertisements say, but Robert Krasker, the cinematographer (who also did *Henry V*) and Veniero Colasanti and John Moore, the art directors. It is one of the most beautiful films I have ever seen, photographed in Spain in excellent color, stunningly costumed and furnished. If your mind is equipped with a switch that can turn off dialogue and acting, then out of these three hours you can extract about an hour's enjoyment of lovely pictures, both still and moving.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

A Communication

Guerrilla War in the Classroom

Sirs:

I am a teacher of American government and history at a high school in California. Since last September I have been using *The New Republic* in two twelfth-grade Civics courses. I am still using *The New Republic* and will continue to do so, but I am now faced with a great deal of pressure to eliminate the magazine. The pressure is being placed on the director by several parents. Mr. — who approved use of the magazine in my courses, is still willing for me to continue using *The New Republic*. However, in conversation with me Friday, he stated that the magazine may have to be stopped if the pressure becomes so great as to represent potential destruction of a school which he has worked long and hard to build.

The problem seems to have its roots mainly in the efforts of one parent, a commander in the Naval Reserve in this area. I talked for two long hours with this man about two weeks ago after he had written a letter protesting the use of *The New Republic* to the school director. Although part of the conversation dealt with a "cinch" notice his son had received in my course, the real talking began when the commander whipped out two issues of *The New Republic*, slapped them dramatically against the palm of his hand, and then threw them down in front of me saying, "This is a Communist publication." The pattern for the rest of the conversation that followed is not hard to guess. I asked him for proof of this statement and he said that he had access to "top secret" intelligence information which he could not disclose to me. I told him that unless he could produce some specific information to document his allegation we had nothing to talk about. I told him that I would continue to use *The New Republic* in my classes and that his son would be responsible for such material as was assigned. I also told him that while writing for the American Forces Network in Europe in 1950 I had a clearance for "top secret" information equivalent to that given to field grade

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officers. I told him that this clearance could probably be, in some way, "reactivated" to the extent that any information relative to subversive influence in teaching material I was using could be disclosed to me. He did not pursue this point further.

From there he swivel-hipped to the fact that Senator Thomas Dodd was a "one hundred percent American," that Pierre Salinger was one of the top Communist agents in the United States, that the Federal Bureau of Investigation has an immense file on the Communist activities of Edward R. Murrow, that the Supreme Court was virtually a Communist cell. I tried to make clear to him that there was no evidence to support any of these contentions and I merely succeeded in making it quite clear that I not only disagreed with him but opposed his views. When I asked him for an evaluation of Justice William O. Douglas he said angrily, "He's not an American. He's one of the worst." I told him that I thought Justice Douglas was one of the greatest of Americans. He glared at me with his face set in hard lines and his lips compressed white, and finally he said, "Well, Mr. Dow, everyone's entitled to his own opinion." I knew then that I had been pegged as "one of Them."

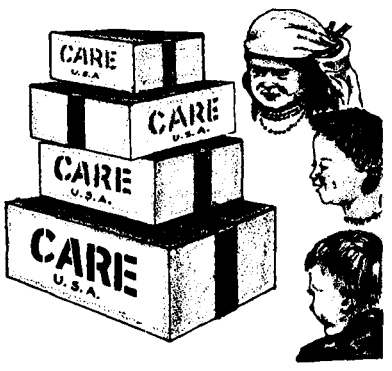
The result of our conversation is that the commander has contacted several other parents and they in turn have telephoned or written the school director. Some object to the editorial material in *The New Republic*, others to the advertisements relative to agnosticism or atheism or for books on sex. (I don't remember the last one but it seems to be a key point.) One mother took all the issues of *The New Republic* in her son's possession and burned them.

The step I have agreed to take to smooth out some of the unevenness of the situation is to provide similar material on specific issues from such conservative publications as *The National Review* and *US News and World Report*. I do not think this is really necessary in an area where all four of the major newspapers are devotedly conservative, but it is a concession which should provide some interesting class discussion and this is good. However, I do not feel that such a concession will suffice. I believe the commander and his friends will keep hounding the administration until *The New Republic* is gone from the classroom.

When that happens, I will be gone, too. Voluntarily, I have talked this over at length with my wife (our four children are six and under and still too young to contribute much advice on the matter) and she is agreed that as a teacher I must make my stand. We are agreed that the vociferous few can only hound the ignorant and the indifferent with success, and that those of us who have the ability and the will to stand up to hysteria must stand up to it if we are believers in the freedom and dignity of teachers as men and men as teachers.

President Kennedy has said that "winning the peace is a lonely battle." I have seen this statement adapted to use on the current advertising campaign for support of the USO. I have not seen the statement adapted to the teaching profession. It should be. We who are educating the youth of America in the principles of government as practiced in the United States under the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the tradition of interpretation of principle and law in light of the needs of each generation are also engaged in "winning the peace." I am sure that President Kennedy knows this, but I wonder if he really knows that for any teacher faced with such guerrilla warfare by telephone and letter as the commander and his followers carry on unceasingly it is a "very lonely battle" indeed. And I can't find the USO.

Charles Buell Dow
Woodland Hills, California



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HELP FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT TO LIVE ANYWHERE YOU PLEASE

HERE IS ONE WAY:

Modern Community Developers is a national corporation that builds only interracial housing. Progress Development Corporation is its Illinois subsidiary. In 1959 Progress bought two tracts of land for construction of single-family homes in Deerfield, Illinois, a Chicago suburb of 11,000 people. After two model homes were built, some Deerfield residents swung into action. Though they twice earlier had rejected park bond issues (neither of which had mentioned Progress's 22 acres) Deerfield citizens now voted in a referendum to buy up—for parks—the two sites, at $10,000 an acre. (Deerfield had just voted down other park land at $4,000 per acre.)

MCD and Progress do not want to sell their land. They want to build houses so that people can live where they wish.

Consequently, MCD and Progress filed suit in the United States District Court to stop condemnation and to secure damages. They contended that the Deerfield scheme to condemn their property was concocted only after Deerfield realized that some houses would be sold to Negroes. However, the Circuit Court in the county has approved the condemnation. The next step is an appeal to the Illinois Supreme Court.

To carry on this crucial battle for the right of people to live where THEY please, the American Freedom of Residence Fund is soliciting individual gifts for the "Deerfield Fund." As in the school segregation cases, this struggle will be a prolonged and costly one.

You can help in one of the most important civil rights cases in recent years. The influence of these cases will extend far beyond the Village of Deerfield. An unfavorable precedent in Illinois could set back civil rights in housing for many years.

If you believe in the freedom of each man to live where he wants to, please examine the quality of your belief. Is it worth a check or money order, now, for any amount while the money can still help? Deerfield is not just another case. It is a key case and your dollars—believe us—are needed. Please send your check today to the "Deerfield Fund." Thank you.

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